The Christmas Book

The Night Before Christmas

Christmas Day

The Day After Christmas

Illustrated by C. A. Davis

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The Night Before Christmas

Illustrated by

G. A. DAVIS

The Night Before Christmas

'TWAS the night
before Christmas,
when all through
the house
Not a creature
was stirring
not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung
by the chimney with care,
In hopes that
Saint Nicholas
soon would be there,
The children were nestled
all snug in their beds,

While visions
of sugar-plums
danced in their heads;
And Mamma in
her kerchief
and I in my cap,
Had just settled
our brains
for a long winter's nap--
When out on the lawn
there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed
to see what was the matter.

Away to
the window
I flew like
a flash,
Tore open
the shutters
And threw
up the sash
The moon on
the breast
of the new
fallen snow
Gave a luster
of mid-day to objects below
When, what to my wondering
eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh
and eight tiny Reindeer

With a little old driver
so lively and quick,

I knew in a moment
it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles
his coursers they came,
And he whistled,
and shouted,
and called them by name--
Now, Dasher! now, Dancer!
now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on,
Dunder and Blitzen!

To the top of the porch,
to the top of the wall!
"Now, dash away, dash away,
dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild
hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle,
mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top
the coursers they flew,
With sleigh full of toys -
and St. Nicholas too;
And then in a
twinkling
I heard on the roof,
The prancing and
pawing of
each little hoof.

As I drew in my head
and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas
came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur
from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished
with ashes and soot:
A bundle of toys he had
flung on his back,

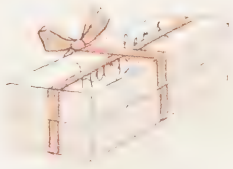
And he
looked like
a peddler
just opening
his pack;
His eyes how
they twinkled!
his dimples
how merry!
His cheeks were
like roses,
his nose
like a cherry;
His droll little
mouth was drawn
up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin
was as white as the snow!

The stump of
a pipe he held
tight in his teeth,
And the smoke
it encircled his
head like a wreath
He had a broad face
and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed,
like a bowl-full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump-
a right jolly old elf
And I laughed when I saw him
in spite of myself
A wink of his eye,
and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know
I had nothing to dread.

He spoke
not a word,
but went straight
to his work,
And filled all the
stockings; then
turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger
aside of his nose,
And giving a nod up
the chimney he rose,
He sprang to his sleigh,
to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew
like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim
ere he drove out of sight,

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT

Christmas Day



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Dreams on Christmas Morning.

Awakening!—Christmas Morning.

Christmas Morning—The Presents.

Day Fun.

Dancing Round the Christmas Tree.

Playing with the Toys.

More Christmas Day Fun.

Christmas Surprises.

A Christmas Day Quarrel.

Brownies and Soldiers.

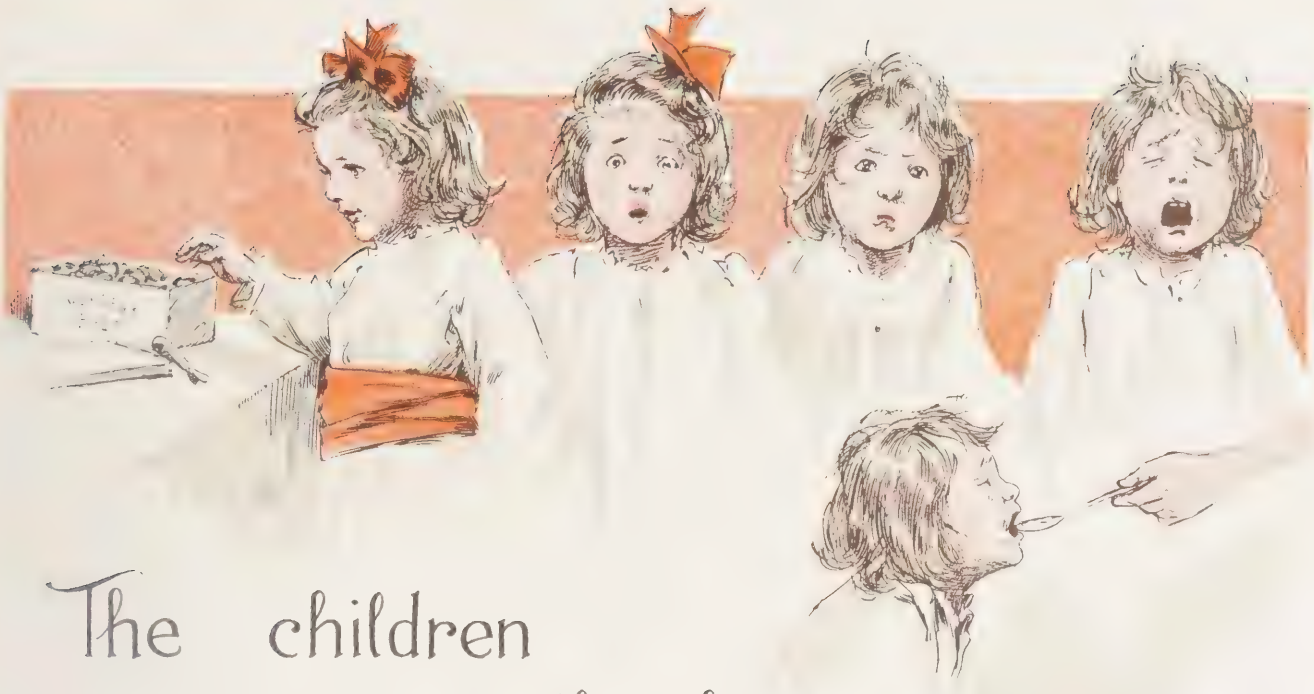
The Girls' Quarrel.
Putting the Dolls to Bed.—Good Night!

The Day After Christmas

The Day After Christmas

'TWAS the night
after Christmas,
and all through the house
Not a creature

was stirring,
excepting a mouse.
The stockings were flung
in haste over the chair,
For hopes of St Nicholas
were no longer there.



The children
were restlessly
tossing in bed,
For the pie and the candy
were heavy as lead;
While Mamma in her wrapper,
and I in my gown,
Had just made up our
minds that we would
not lie down.
When out on the lawn
there rose such a clatter;

The children were restlessly tossing in bed.

I sprang from my chair to see what
was the matter.
Away to the window I went with a dash,
Flung open the shutter, and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow

Gave a lustre of noon-day to objects below;
When what to my long anxious eyes
should appear,
But a horse and a sleigh, both
old-fashioned and queer;
With a little old driver, so solemn and slow,
I knew at a glance it must be Dr. Brough.

For the pie, and the candy, were heavy as lead,

Upstairs came the Doctor,

I drew in my head, and was
turning around,
When upstairs came the Doctor,
with scarcely a sound,
He wore a thick overcoat, made long ago,
And the beard on his chin
was white with the snow.
He spoke a few words
and went straight
to his work,
He felt all the pulses –
–then turned with
a jerk
And laying his finger
aside of his nose
With a nod of his head
to the chimney
he goes:

He felt all the pulses

"A spoonful of oil,
ma'am, if you
have it handy,
No nuts and no raisins,
no pies, and
no candy;
These tender young
stomachs cannot
well digest
All the sweets that they get –
– toys and books are the best.
But I know my advice will not
find many friends,
For the custom of
Christmas
the other way
tends.

A spoonful of oil, Ma'am if you have it handy.

The Fathers and
Mothers,
and Santa Claus, too,
Are exceedingly blind.
Well, a good-night
to you!"
And I heard
him exclaim,
as he drove
out of sight:
"These feastings
and candies
make
Doctors'
bills
right